

# THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE CHRISTMAS NUMBER, MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1926

## "A Christmas Message"

By REV. FATHER DONOVAN, of Bellevue, Alberta.



**INTRODUCTION**—When the shadows of Christmas Eve descend upon the hills and valleys of Ireland, the devoted housewife lights a candle and puts it in the window. She leaves the latch string of the cabin door on the outside. She keeps the fire place well banked with glowing turf clods. These things are done to make amends for the cold and heartless reception that the mother of Jesus received in Bethlehem on the night that Christ was born.

In a figurative way we also may be said to light the candle of charity in the window of our hearts. We leave out the latch string of good will, and the fireplace of our affection is aglow with more than usual love for God and men.

The season is adapted for expression of that two-fold love. The Christmas celebration, both civil and religious, draws our hearts nearer to one another and nearer to God.

The season is brightened by the return of absent members of the family. Letters, cards and presents bring an expression of love that annihilates distance and makes far-away friends present in spirit. There is an unusual abundance of all good things in the home and all the tender relations between parents and children are intensified. The very atmosphere of Christmas breathes contentment, joy and good will.

But the celebration of the coming of God among men is essentially a religious feast; so in all parts of the Christian world the faithful are gathered in reverent throngs in the churches and before the altar of God. The midnight hour of the holy night—the night when Christ was born—finds them thronging the city streets towards the fine cathedrals, or making their way in hamlets and countryside, under the solemn canopy of midnight skies, toward humble parish churches.

In pagan lands, the zealous missionaries and sisters teach the Christmas story to people and children of strange tongues and manners. In the polar vastnesses, shepherds of the far-roaming flock of God gather in the Esquimaux to tell them of a divine love as warm as their land is cold, and of a heaven more beautiful than their skies hung with many-colored curtains of light.

But let us consider the motif behind these festive incidents and holy offices. Christmas means the intervention of God in the affairs of men. It means the coming of God in the form of man into the world of men for their redemption. Christmas is no less an event than that and it is hard to imagine what could be a greater event. God is the first cause, the efficient cause, the creator and ruler of those countless worlds we see in the fields of space. In this world, which is a small part of creation, His power and wisdom could be to many forms of life. The highest and best form of that life we know is mankind. The scripture says that God created man, crowned him, as it were, with glory and honor and set him above the works of His hands. He created man with a perishable body and an immortal soul or principle of life and intelligence. He created him for a supernatural destiny, or for a higher form of life, spiritual and everlasting. This life is to be lived in the divine presence itself, after his passage through this world. The way to that destiny with God was to be attained by obedience to God and union of will with God, and by His helps which are called grace. In other words, the law of man's complex being was a moral law. One of the greatest endowments of man's nature was free will to choose good or evil. If this freedom was one of our greatest gifts, it was also one of the most tragic, because it left us the terrible prerogative of choosing God and His heaven, or of rejecting Him and abiding by the consequences.

The first of mankind did choose unwisely and involved his children and descendants in their ruin. They disobeyed God and broke that union of will



and of grace with Him. They forfeited the supernatural destiny God intended for them. They chose the death and the punishment that God threatened should they break with Him. In other words, again, they suffered the loss of their soul. "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?" Christ asked oft times.

Still the boundless goodness did not leave ruined man without hope. Divine wisdom foresaw a way that, at least, part of the evil man's fall could be undone and amended.

In the day and hour of the first sin God gave the hope of a redeemer. To the devil in serpent form He said: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman and between her seed and thy seed, and she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." This was the first prophecy of a redeemer to come. As the ages passed, God further enlightened the prophets to define and describe the person of the redeemer, His qualities, the times and times and circumstance of His life, and the way in which He was to work out the redemption and restoration of mankind.

He was to be of the race of Abraham, for God promised him that He would make of him a great nation, a progeny as the stars of heaven for multitude, and as the sands which are by the sea shore innumerable. In Abraham were all nations to be blessed.

To Jacob it was given to know that the Christ

would be of the tribe of his son Judah. "The sceptre shall not pass from Judah until He come that is to be sent, and He shall be desired of nations."

Moses comforted the chosen people before his death with the prophecy that God would raise up for them a prophet greater than himself.

David further determined the time in which the Messiah was to come. To David it was promised that the Messiah would be of his family and would rule the house of Jacob forever.

Isaiah told of this origin. "Behold a virgin shall conceive and shall be with child and they shall call His name Emmanuel, or 'God with us.'" He so minutely foretold the manner of the redemption that his prophecy, written centuries before the event, is classified with the histories of it and called "The passion of Christ," according to Isaiah.

Micheas pointed out His birthplace: "Thou Bethlehem art a little one among the princes of Judah, but out of thee shall come the captain that shall rule my people Israel."

These prophecies came to pass on this night nearly two thousand years ago, when the Virgin Mary, the woman of destiny, brought forth her divine son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them at the inn of Bethlehem.

Let us turn our attention for a moment in passing to this gentle maiden kneeling beside her boy in the manger of a rude shelter built by the sheep

ranchers at Bethlehem. What ignoble man is there who would think of her as anything but the best of womanhood? She was no vulgar person whom chance made the mother of Christ. The eternal God had her in mind when in Paradise He cursed the serpent and promised that a woman would crush its head. If God prepared the prophets for their high office, He must also have prepared the mother of His beloved Son. To Isaiah God said: "Before thou wast conceived I knew thee, and before thou wast born I sanctified thee and gave thee a prophet to the nations." Through the vista of eternal years, if I do not see this lily of Israel, this fadeless rose of Sharon, this virgin mother of the only begotten Son?

St. Matthew, the evangelist, traces her blood and ancestry back through forty-two generations to their great father, Abraham. We cannot fathom the richness of heaven's favors in her whom the archangel Gabriel saluted as full of grace. We do not know exactly what she looked like; we can only immortalize the genius of Raphael and Murillo, who have made her pictures things of beauty and a joy forever. But we may well surmise that her form and features, her fair brow, her dark eyes, her youthful countenance were a feminine copy of ineffable beauty of her son Jesus Christ. Could we have seen the baby face of Jesus at Bethlehem, or could we have gazed upon His thorn-pierced brow at Calvary, we might have marked how much the Son was like his Mother. Reflecting on all that she must have been, we gladly make our own the thought that the English poet Wordsworth writes of her:

"Woman, above all women glorified!  
Our tainted nature's solitary boast!  
Purer than foam on ventral ocean tossed!  
Than the unblemished moon before its  
Wane begins on heaven's blue coast,  
Thy image falls on earth."

Divine wisdom selected all the circumstances of the first holy Christmas night. There are many ways in which Almighty God might have sent a redeemer to the world. The Second Person of the Holy Trinity might have been united to a man already grown up. The personal union of God with human nature could have been done in that way, or Christ might have been born among the splendors of Herod's court. Indeed, that is where the wise men from the east went to look for Him, asking Herod: "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"

But Christ's kingdom was not to be of this world. He was to be a solace to suffering hearts; a friend to the poor who are the greater part of mankind; a leader of humanity to the lasting good of heaven. So He purposely disinherited Himself and his Mother. He set aside her rights as a daughter of the royal line of King David. In her direct need he let her and Himself be refused even the poorest human dwelling, and so in a cave on the moonlit hills of Engaddi, under the great canopy of the sparkling heavens, the Virgin Mary gave birth to the world's redeemer. If the stars did not sing together, as did the morning stars at creation's dawn, the angels of God, there made melody and song. An angel stood by the shepherds and the glory of God shone round them, and they received the tidings of great joy that this day was born to them a saviour who is Christ the Lord. They went over to Bethlehem and verified all that they had been told, and they returned praising God for all that they had seen and heard.

Dear friends, this is the story of the first Christmas. God grant that this outpouring of divine love, which we are celebrating this Christmas Eve, may be reciprocated by you, so that after life's fitful fever you may be among the great multitude of the redeemed and happy for eternity in the fruition of God. This is the blessing I wish you all.—Amen.

### CANADA HAS PLENTY OF CHRISTMAS FARE

A "Produced in Canada" banquet was held not long ago at the King Edward hotel at Toronto at which only foods grown in this Dominion were served, and none of the several hundred guests complained that the meal lacked either in quality or variety. "Made in Canada" has been a slogan of our manufacturers, but "Produced in Canada" takes in all our products of farm, garden and orchard

as well. Among these home-produced foods honey is one that deserves a more prominent place on Canadian tables. Not only has Nature been generous in giving our beekeepers a good honey crop, but the quality is usually high, so high that at the recent dairy show in London, England, it was adjudged the finest in the Empire.

During the season of Christmas and New Years, when Canadian tables will be graining with a multitude of good things to eat, it should not be

necessary to go outside the Dominion for things to delight the eye and tempt the palate. Not only is honey a delicious food when eaten with bread, toast or hot biscuits, but it may be used to replace sugar as a sweetening in cakes, puddings, sauces and in fillings for pies and tarts. Any housewife may use honey in her own favorite Christmas recipes, just keeping in mind the following points:

When substituting honey for sugar lessen the liquid in the recipe by 1/4 cup for each cup of honey used.

In flour mixtures the acid in honey may be neutralized by using from 1/4 to 1/2 teaspoonful baking soda for every cup of honey and then lessen the amount of baking powder by 1/2 teaspoonful.

**Struck If Right**  
I was struck by the beauty of her hand.  
I tried to kiss her.  
As I say.  
I was struck by the beauty of her hand.—Wisconsin Octopus.

### SOME NOVA SCOTIA PIE

A very interesting assault case was tried in Hawkesbury on November 24. The action was brought by Miss K. Boutiller against Roddie Dan McDonald for throwing a \$6.50 pie at her. It missed the lady's countenance but the contents of the pie were spattered over her dress and made her look considerably different from what she usually does. Roddie Dan was ordered to pay a fine and costs for being too handy with a pie. Hon. D.

A. Cameron conducted the prosecution and Malcolm Patterson defended. The pie brought \$6.50 to the funds in aid of the new rink, about \$20.00 to the court, \$10.00 to the town and probably \$100.00 each to the two legal gentlemen from Sydney. Now, that is what is in some pies when properly handled.—Richmond Record.

With Ontario becoming wet, a cut in the price of liquor is now anticipated.



## THE BLAIRMORE ENTERPRISE

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W. J. BARTLETT, PUBLISHER

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## Yuletide

Yuletide! How silently, yet surely, it creeps upon you—particularly you busy mothers and fathers. Every season is good, but the festive Christmas time—well, I like it, don't you? It is the happiest time of the year for the children, and who is not happiest when the children are happiest?

This is the time of the year when we all seek happiness. Yes—each one we pass, in some way or other, is striving for happiness at Christmas time—seeking to be happy by making others happy.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." We say it quickly and gaily, and perhaps with but little thought. If, however, we pondered over it until the New Year became the old year, we could add nothing to the value of this greeting; the oftener you say it—the oftener you hear it—the more it makes you feel that this isn't such a bad old world after all.

Every good thought you send out is a silent power working cheerfulness in the heart of someone—and helps you as well. Even the "Grouch" is receptive to a hearty Christmas Greeting and his heart softens as he replies: "The same to you and many of them." He may even smile and show signs of real life, for it's the season when animosity, jealousy, greed and all else gives away to happiness, and—

Happiness is the greatest thing on earth.

To wish one success, or luck, or health, or prosperity, is not necessarily to wish them happiness, and what would any of these be without happiness? Who in his right mind wants wealth without health? But, with happiness, who cares about the rest?

Essentially, with happiness, there is nothing lacking, so we simply wish you HAPPINESS—then some more Happiness—and lots of it.

## HOCKEY

The Blairmore Arena was the scene of the first senior hockey game of the season on Wednesday night last, when the Coleman crack team were taken on by the locals. A splendid exhibition of the great game was ably refereed by Walter Scott. Coleman has a nifty lineup, all home brews, and the old warhorse, Charlie Graham, had occasion to realize for the first time that twas almost time to take a back seat and give the rising generation a chance. Mel Rhymas was back in the Blairmore net and caught 'em comin' from all angles. As a matter of fact, Mel never appeared in better form, as one guy remarked: "He looks better at the game than he did when I first met him—twenty-two years ago." Mickey Brennan starred throughout for the visitors and Tony Veljra was there with his old stuff in great style. All players were in good form and if the brand exhibited on Wednesday night is any criterion of what's in store for us this season, no one should miss seeing each and every game.

The opening game of the 1926-1927 schedule takes place on the local arena on tomorrow night and should be a humdinger. "Doc" Barbour promises to show us an excellent team this season.

## A LAUGH

A laugh is just like music; it freshens the day. It tips the peaks of life with light, and drives the clouds away. The soul grows glad that hears it. And feels its courage strong! A laugh is just like sunshine. For cheering folks along.—Anon.

## AT THE COUNCIL MEETING

## A LIGHT OPERETTA

SCENE—The Council Room, a full hall present. TIME—1926.

(By Kelly)

## Opening Chorus

We have met here again to consider  
The problems both many and great,  
Concerning our beautiful little town,  
That have come to our notice of late:  
To devise and prepare  
With discernment and care  
Fresh plans for its ultimate fate.

The problems that weekly confront us  
Extensively vary and so  
We indulge now and then in a bicker,  
For our routine is apt to be slow;  
But if any young chap  
Wants a hand-to-hand scrap,  
The Mayor gets up and says "No!"

## Mayor

If you'll kindly peruse the reports in the news  
You will note that I often say, "No!"  
Gentlemen be seated! (all sit).

The Secretary now will read  
In accents loud and clear  
Communications from the west  
And east to Courthouse Square.

## Secretary reads:

The Secretary of the Board,

Dear Sir,

I write you now

Concerning something, that has made

A not-work of my brow.

For when some Councilors once sought

My independent vote.

Of little things they promised me

I made a mental note;

One promised he would get for me

A job some day somewhere;

I've waited for it long enough

And want it now—so there!

## Councillor M.

I move that a letter be sent to this man,

Wherever on earth he may be,

Informing him we have but one vacant job

And applicants seventy-three.

## Council P.

I second the motion proposed by my friend;

We had better go slowly than fast.

## Mayor

Those in favor say, "Yea!"

Contra-minded say, "Nay!"

I consider the motion as passed.

## Secretary reads:

Dear Sir,

In the course of my busy career

I have cornered a little of "dough";

I ask for permission to add to my house

An annex substantial, and so,

If you'll kindly consent to my modest request.

By giving permission to me,

I shall pay up to date all I owe on my rates

And be happy as happy can be.

## Council F.

Let the proper authorities look at this house

And report at the meeting next week;

But, as to arrears, we should get them at once;

I object to this tax-payer's check.

## Council H.

Perchance we can recover

All arrears and be content;

Any legal fight can get them.

For a modest ten per cent.

## Mayor

Let it go to a solicitor;  
I am very sure that he  
Will recover it by fit-a  
For the said contingent fee.

## Secretary reads:

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, I have to ask  
That you spare me a moment or two,  
While I write of the tank at the end of our street.

For the water that runs there is blue.  
I do not object to the color so much  
But it doesn't go well with the tea;  
The woman next door told my wife of this fact.

In the course of a friendly "says she."

## Council S.

The engineer should straight away.

Attention give to this.

For nasty water does not tend

Towards comradal bliss.

And if the citizen at home

Is always in a fuss,

He writes a letter to the press

And blames it all on us.

## Council G.

It seems to me that all the woes in this

And "and val of tears"

Are brought before our notice every week

And everybody thinks that all their wor-

ries and their cares

Must be "froced" by the Council, so to speak.

## Council P.

We must give our best attention to the

matter now in hand;

For we've heard the same complaints as these

before;

And when any healthy fellow

Finds his tea is blue and yellow,

Can we blame him, Mr. Mayor, for being sore?

## Mayor

As a man who is fond of a cup of rood tea

(With one lump of sugar and milk),

I really admit that I feel quite a bit

For him and for all of his ilk.

## Council F.

By unanimous vote, let us drop him a note,

And tell him to be of good cheer;

The water, I'm sure, will be freshened and pure—

When we send up our kind engineer.

## Secretary

Here's a letter again from our friend—in

the east.

Of the towns who wishes once more

To remind us about all the letters he wrote.

He hints we do nothing but snore.

He wants all the business extended a bit.

And he says: "Will you kindly make haste,

For it's over a year since I wrote to you first.

And time is too precious to waste."

## Council P.

Ah, well! We have plenty of business on

hand.

Of importance, so tell him to wait;

Such matters as these

If the Council'll please,

Can stand till a subsequent date.

## Secretary reads:

Dear Sir,

I must tell you the people up here

Say the lights are excessively poor.

In fact after darkness sets in it is hard

Very often to reach your own door.

A motor car almost upset me last week.

And I threatened the man with the law;

But he knew he was safe in the gloom of the night.

So he gave me the merry guffaw.

I therefore request that we have better

lights.

That the automobiles we may see,

And sue them for damages once in a while

On paying our lawyers a "V."

## Council P.

Whatever is right and whatever is wrong

In this land of the brave and the free,

No man should be stopped or be hindered

at all.

From paying his lawyer a fee.

## Mayor

I am sure that the wish of the councillors is

That attention be given tomorrow

To the earnest request in this letter contained.

And soothe our petitioner's sorrow.

There are many other letters and petitions

by the score,

But we cannot think of sitting here too

late.

We had better pass the pay rolls and do

other work like that.

And all the other thingabobs can wait.

(The pay rolls being passed all join in)

## Closing Chorus:

Who can deny that we really try

To do the best we can

In every way by night and day

To help our fellow man;

Our funds are not exactly what

The citizens require.

To have in hand, but understand

That all of us aspire

To better times when countless dimes

Will in our coffers lie.

When those days come, we'll make

things hum,

And run a better shop.

## Council S.

For it's hard to be merry and bright, tra la,

When we have to sit here every night.

## Council H.

And hustle and hurry and bustle and worry

And find then that nothing goes right.

## All

So we hope for the best in the future,

And trust it has good things in store;

But as matters are now we reluctantly bow

To the fates—and what men can do more.

If you keep up your pecker, you'll learn

to be better.

That the future is hopeful and bright.

## Secretary

And now we must say in our heartiest way

That we bid you a friendly "Good Night!"

## All

In a much higher key and with kind re-

gards to

Also wish you a friendly "Good Night!"

(CUTAIN BY SPENCE)

## The Christ

(The following description of Christ was written by Publius Lentulus, president of Judea, in the reign of Tiberius, who was the Caesar at Rome at the time of the Crucifixion. It was first mentioned in England in the writings of St. Anselm of Canterbury in the eleventh century).

There lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from the graves and heals all sorts of disease with a word or touch. He is a tall man, well shaped and of amiable and reverend aspect; his hair of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls, waving about and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of his head, running as a stream to the front after the fashion of the Nazareites; his forehead high, large, and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red; his nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry; his beard, and of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin and parted in the middle like a fork; his eyes bright, blue, clear and serene, look innocent, dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body most perfect and captivating; his arms and hands delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness, his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant, but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest, and wise. A man, for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfection, surpassing the children of men in every sense.

## Where Credit Was Due

A Scottish farmer hired a man whose name was Sandy. "Here, Sandy," said he, "hang round and be the cobbler a cabbage each, but, m'n' ye gie the biggest to the coo that gives the maist milk."

Sandy departed and upon his return the farmer asked him if he had done as he was told. "Aye," answered Sandy, "I gied 'em a cabbage a hoo and hung the biggest on the pump handle."

## BEST OF ALL

It's jolly to feel you're doing your best,

It's jolly to know you've earned a rest,

It's jolly to struggle along and strive. In fact it's jolly to be alive.

It's jolly to know you're going strong, It's jolly to find you're getting along, But a jollier thing, without a doubt, Is helping the fellow that's down and out.

It's jolly to know you can stand alone, It might be jolly the earth to own, But a jollier thing than all the rest Is to know that somebody loves you best.

It's jolly to give, it's jolly to take, It's jolly to work for somebody's sake, And it's jollier still, when your work is through,

To know that somebody's waiting for you.

—Philip Harrison.

## CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.  
Then from each bell accented mirth  
The cannon thunders in the south,  
And with the sound  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despite I howed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said,  
"For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God in not dead, nor does he sleep.  
The world that he created  
And Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good will to men."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

## The Blairmore Hardware Co.

WE CANNOT let the old year pass without thanking our customers for their valuable patronage. That it has been appreciated goes without saying. We hope that 1927 will witness a continuance of our pleasant relations and to that end we shall do everything in our power.

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS  
and  
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A Carol

Of Christmas

By STEPHEN LEACOCK  
Illustrated by F. GRADDOH

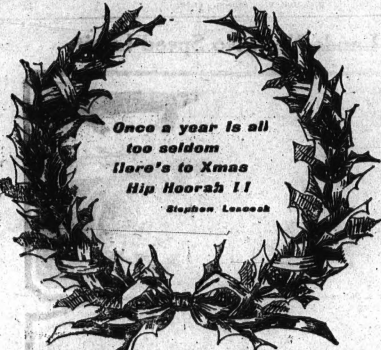
We live in a time when our morals sublime,  
Will never allow us to sin. Sedate and austere,  
We abhor Lager Beer  
And start at the mention of gin—  
When he who gets frisky on overproof whisky  
Falls under a social indictment,  
And learns to be gay in a protestant way  
Without alcoholic excitement.  
But oh! once a year take no thought of your soul  
Here's Xmas, Old Xmas, come fill up the Bowl.

Let's drink to the Folly, the Fun and the Holly, the bright Evergreen Mistletoe  
See that artful old Jade, the Ambitious old maid, as she stands with a  
slimber below

Oome, come, be a man  
On pretence if you can

Don't dodge in the background to miss her  
Here's Xmas, Old Xmas, come fill up the Bowl  
You're now such a very select Huckleberry, it won't hurt your morals to  
kiss her!

Here's to Xmas, Merry Xmas, let's be wicked just for fun,  
Let's be utterly abandoned, let's be morally undone,  
Let us revel like the Devil, let's do anything that's tough  
Unst the sloop, fill the dipper, play the Wicked Blind Mans Buss  
Let me hug the Beaming curate, let me kiss the maiden aunt,  
Fumble around by the dozens that's the kind of thing I want,  
Here's to Xmas, Kude old Xmas, with the frost upon the pane,  
Hear the tinkle of the sleigh bells, Santa Claus has come again—  
Bring the arguments, light the tapers, fetch the little children in  
With their dancing eyes of wonder for the party to begin,  
Kump, then round in happy armfuls, fill them solid up with cake,  
Isn't it an inspiration just to hear the noise they make  
Out with here! over with worry! eat and drink, your fill, oh, pahaw



BUYING THE XMAS TREE



"I want—i wanta dolly—i wanta doli" hugg—i wanta rockin' chair—  
i wanta set o' dippin—I wanta bottle o' perryume—I wanta washub—I  
wanta bed i wanta—Oh, yes i want mamma to get me a baby  
brother and a Xmas tree"

## THE FIRE PEOPLE

"You keep on talkin' in dat way," said Uncle Dickey, to the fire, "you'll sho' an' me off ter sleep, an' I'll be too stupid ter play de fiddle w'en de young folks comes ter dance, fer you talk lak' you is in a dream—fer off, somewhar—tryin' ter tell it all, an' it kin'ly somethin' back. You wants ter say it, an' you dunno how. Even sence fast dark you been at it—dee sayin' an' sayin' things, over an' over. I reckon I'll have ter go off in a sleep, an' see if a dream won't tell me—"

x x x

Out of the fire came fantastic shapes—regiments of strange beings; little children, clothed in rainbow colors; witches of old, that ride the winds, soldiers, with their captains—a flame-wreathed host of them; and last of all, the Old Man of the Fire, who is the Fire's Voice, when it talks and sings through the white Winter nights.

"Here," he said, to the strange fiery company, "in this poor cabin home, dwells an old man who has nothing but his fiddle and the joy of making others happy with his music; and he has heard me singing and talking from my home in the fire for many, many winters, and has talked back to me, and kept company with me in the lonesome nights; and I've said things to him which I've never said to any of you; I promised him a gold fiddle, with strings of gold, and a gold fiddlestick; and here he is, in his rickety old chair, asleep and dreaming of it."



now, and his poor plain fiddle is at his side there! This is the night for me to redeem my promise, and make the old man happy; but first let me take his fiddle and play the sparkling music of the Fire, for all of you to dance by. Form yourselves in a ring around him—all of you—while I strike up the merriest tune I know. Then when we all go back into the Fire, and the old man wakes, he'll find the golden fiddle I promised him, and all of you shall help to fill it with gold!

Now, then,—take your place all! But when the people of the Fire were ready for the dance, and the Old Man of the Fire had seized the fiddle, and tried a string or two, to strike the right tune,—"snap!" went the strings, and the fiddle itself became a flame, and fell in ashes to the floor, and one of the fire-witches flew up the chimney with the captain of the fire-soldiers, and, the little children of the fire were changed into red sparks that went flying upward, and the Old Man of the Fire hid himself in it once more, and—

x x x

"Hey! Uncle Dickey! Wake up, and get your fiddle!" a half dozen merry voices shouted, as the joyous crowd trooped in the door. "What's the matter, old man? Here we are for a dance! Get your fiddle!"

"I ain't got no fiddle," he said, as he looked about him. "I ain't got no fiddle 'tall. It was burnt up des a whille ago—'it sho' wuz honey." "He's half-asleep yet," they said. "Here's your fiddle, old man. What's the matter?"

"I see it all now," he said. "It wuz all de fault o' de Fire, what talked me ter sleep, an' den sent a dream ter me, an' made believe my ol' fiddle had keetcht fire an' burnt up!" "Ladies an' gentlemen, welcome all, an' Christmas Gif!"

## RIGHT IN LINE

No matter what's the price to pay,  
There'll be no retrogression;  
We'll meet the New Year on the way—  
Join the procession!

This world's the pleasant place to stay—  
It's fine, beyond expression!  
Shake hands, and walk the shiny way—  
Join the procession!

## SAME BACKSLIDER

You swear off in the brand New Year—  
The good intentions hit you;  
You'll sure be good, it's understood,  
For fear Old Nick'll git you.

But here the word I say ter you—  
Bekase it's worth the hearin';  
The days from then you'll say to man:  
"Not mai I do so swears!"

## BIOGRAPHY OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Until sixty years or so ago, there were very, very few Christmas trees in America outside of the homes of Holland-Americans. The Pennsylvania Dutch cherished the custom long before it was adopted in New England and Canada.

The Dutch got the idea of the Christmas tree from Germany, where the lonely fir first became an emblem of Christianity, and spread the custom in England and America.

The tradition of the first Christmas tree is a pretty story, handed down from the eighth century.

It was a bleak, cold, December night when St. Boniface, wandering through the wilds of what is now Germany, came upon a band of



pagans who were in the act of sacrificing a boy by fire at the foot of the "thunder oak," sacred to Thor.

Breaking through a thicket, St. Boniface confronted the astonished pagans and liberated the captive. With strong blows, he chopped down the oak, and confronting the pagans, he told them of the new religion—Christianity—and made them his converts.

"And here," he said, his eyes falling on a young fir tree standing straight and green, with its top pointing toward the stars, amid the divided ruins of the fallen oak, "here is the



living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be a sign of your new worship. See how it points to the sky! Let us call it the tree of the Christ-child. Take it up and carry it to the chieftain's hall, for this is the brightlight of the White Christ. You shall go no more into the shadows of the forest to keep our feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home with laughter and song and rites of love." "ious substitutes have been made in all countries for the Christmas tree. One of these, in the Berlin provincial museum, is a framework of wood from which the presents were suspended. A still more primitive substitute consisted of a wooden stump with projecting pegs, from which, presumably, presents were hung.

## HIS OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS WAY

When my hat you see me lif,  
When it's Christmas Day, You know  
dat means my Christmas Gif  
An' I ain't go time ter stay!

It's des my Christmas way,—  
It's all de wrld I say;  
My hat I lif  
For my Christmas Gif—  
It's des my Christmas way!

My white folks knows me fur an' nigh—  
De young an' ol' an' gray;  
Dey never pass de ol' man by,  
Fer day knows his Christmas way.

It's des my Christmas way—  
Dar's nuthin' mo' ter say,  
My hat I lif  
Fer my Christmas Gif—  
It's des my Christmas way!

The New Mother Goose,  
I had a little husband,  
No bigger than my thumb,  
I took him out upon parade,  
And there I bade him drum.  
I asked him his coat I sash,  
With "Votos for Women" wrought  
And trained him to say "aye" to all  
Og's procepsade laugh.



## XMAS EVE

\*\*\*\*\*  
You'll find me braving the hapin thrusts  
At the head of the surging line.  
I know they'll call me cruel, mother,  
But I care not what they say;  
For I am going shopping, mother,  
The foremost in the fray.

There'll be many a black, black eye,  
mother,  
But none so black as mine.  
You'll find me braving the hapin thrusts  
At the head of the surging line.  
I know they'll call me cruel, mother,  
But I care not what they say;  
For I am going shopping, mother,  
The foremost in the fray.

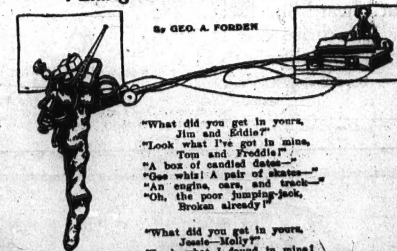


By George A. FORD.

Babe, so long ago uncrined  
In a stable bare and gray,  
Something of Thy sweetest mind  
Of Thy love for all Thy kind,  
Rules us on Thy natal day.  
And became a shepherd hand—  
Babe, too, with gifts in train—  
Kneel and kissed a baby hand,  
Yearning for some warm command,  
So to-day a child shall reign.

## Taking Down The Stockings

By GEO. A. FORDEN



"What did you get in yours,  
Jim and Eddie?"  
"Look what I've got in mine,  
Tom and Freddie!"  
"A box of sandled dates—"  
"Gee whill! A pair of shoes—"  
"An engine, car, and truck—"  
"Oh, the poor jumping-jack,  
Broken already!"

"What did you get in yours,  
Jessie—Molly?"  
"Look what I found in mine!  
A talking dolly!"  
"Will show you how she acts!"  
"Oh, look! She shuts her eyes!"  
"Mittens—and slumber socks—"  
"Tea-set—and building blocks—"  
"Goody, how dolly!"

"What did you find in yours,  
Grown-up brother?"  
"Why not look in your own,  
Little Mother?"  
"Mother and Father say  
They'd rather watch than play!  
Present enough they trust,  
They'er got in having just  
[is, and each other!]

Too Late to Cheer.  
No—leave my heart to rest, if rest it may,  
When youth, and love, and hope have passed away.  
Couldst thou, when summer hours are fled,  
To some poor leaf that's fall'd and dead,  
Bring back the bus it wore, the scent it shed?  
No—leave this heart to rest, if rest it may,  
When youth, and love, and hope have passed away.



# The Night Before Christmas

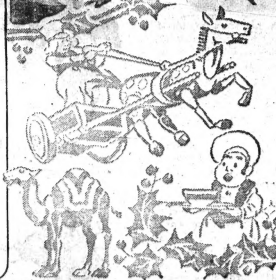


T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads.

AND filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose; He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle. But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

— Clement Clarke Moore.

Photo © Lawrence W. Nichols



Santa says:  
"Kiddies, I'll see you all at the Opera House at 7 o'clock Wednesday, December 22"

We Wish Our Friends and Patrons of the Crows' Nest Pass

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

BLAIRMORE IRON WORKS  
— LIMITED —  
Phone 144 Blairmore

As a gift to the Canadian nation, handed Premier Mackenzie King, at painted by Sir William Orpen during Sir Leicester Harmsworth, ex-M.P., London, a portrait of Sir Robert the sittings of the Versailles conference, brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, Borden, former premier of Canada, once.

## Taxis in Foreign Lands Need No Speed Limit



(1) Still in use as in the time of Halaam the Prophet.  
(2) The Peking cart, a very popular mode of conveyance.  
(3) The camel-car of India, oldest taxi of all.  
(4) The world-famous rickshaws of Japan.

Imagine our modern cities without taxis, or worse still without a speed limit! One is accustomed to step into a taxi and reach a destination many blocks or miles away in the space of a few moments, yet within a speed limit or all would be chaotic confusion with taxis running wild through the cities. Taxis and speed are two words synonymous in the United States and elsewhere. There are, however, many countries, especially in the Immortal East—which use conveyances answering the same purposes for which no speed limit is needed, they move along in the leisurely way of the Orient, and yet meet the requirements of people in those ancient lands.

The sedan chair, said to be named from Sedan, France, where it was first made or used, is used extensively in China. It is made for carrying a single person and is usually borne on poles by two men. In Hong Kong rickshaws are also used on the lower levels of the city, but the sedan chairs are used on the hills.

The Jiriksha of Japan, the nearest approach to a taxi, for this thing that at times nearly bowls one over, is the man-taxi of the East, the rubber-tired, brass-lamped, white cushioned vehicle.

Possibly Peking has the greatest collection of strange foreign taxis of any city. Through the Chien Men—the front door of Peking, come strings of double-humped, long-haired Bactrian camels from the Gobi Desert, bringing the very breath of the desert with them and all the mystery of the Mongolian wastes. The next vehicle that may enter the Chien Men—the mouth of that fabled dragon whose eyes are two of the other nine cities and whose body is the breathing city itself, is the Peking cart. This is drawn by a little grey donkey, with a string of clear ringing bells. This is a small compact two-wheeled springless contrivance covered in blue and it is sometimes drawn by mules arrayed in silver harnesses. A similar conveyance is also favoured by the Japanese who call it a "sado".

The camel-car of India is about the oddest looking taxi of them all, and is never breaks the speed limit. Camel-back, too, is a very popular mode of transportation and not too bad for short distances. The native women, also, play the part of taxis in India, and the sight of them strapping large suit cases on their backs and starting off for hotels at a fair rate of speed is just one of the unusual things which passengers on the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Scotland will see, on the Round the World Cruise this winter, which leaves New York on December 2 and returns on April 12.



## GREETINGS!

TO the Citizens of the  
Crows' Nest Pass, we  
take pleasure in extending  
Hearty Holiday Greetings.

# A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

INTERNATIONAL COAL & COKE COMPANY  
COLEMAN, ALBERTA

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the cat's eye. Having stressed the fact that the cat can see in the dark, she began to question the children on the lesson. "What can the cat do that I can't?" she asked.

## HAPPENED IN ONTARIO

The barber laid aside his shears and brandished the appropriate tool. "Wet or dry, sir?" he asked.

Mary had a little goat. She called it Billy Button. She sold it to the butcher man. And then he called it mutton. Mary ordered lamb one day; The butcher sent her mutton. And that's the time he got her goat. And she got back her Button.

One bright spark shot up his hand and said: "Please, Miss, wag its tail!"

## French-Canadian Chanson Has New Lease of Life



1. Charles Marchand, well known French-Canadian folk song singer in typical pose.
2. Chansons have kept the spirits of log-jam breakers high at many a difficult task.
3. Singing and paddling went well together.

created by the lumbermen and habitants for music is a living art in French Canada.

Only within recent years have we begun to realize how rich is the treasury of lovely melodies associated with the folk songs of Canada. Thanks to men like Charles Marchand, interpreter of the French-Canadian "chansons," these folk songs have taken on new life, and before long they will be available for the English speaking population of Canada, owing to the efforts of John Murray Gibson, whose translations will be published in book form early in the year.

With the idea of popularizing the English versions and thereby bringing about a closer understanding between the French and English elements of Canada, Mr. Marchand is at present making a transcontinental concert tour under the auspices of the National Council of Education.

Perhaps the only part of the North American continent that possesses an authentic collection of folk-lore songs is the province of Quebec. Four hundred years ago when the first French explorers and settlers came to the shores of the St. Lawrence many of these songs were on their lips and in their hearts and they have never died out. It is to the honor of the French-Canadian race that they have

never been allowed to fade from the remembrance of the people, nor has the flood of ephemeral and rubbishy popular songs of the day overwhelmed them. Originally sung at the court of the French monarchs, they were passed on from father to son, and were brought with the early settlers from France to Canada. And as the years have passed the old folk songs have been supplemented by new ones

## A Record Fish and Story



1 The peaceful Calcasieu River where the fighting "hook-bill" lurks.  
2 In action on the Calcasieu River.  
3 Proof of the "fish story."

W. E. Kidder of Kalamazoo, Michigan arrived in Montreal over Canadian Pacific Railway lines, recently with the best "fish" story of the year. It was a pretty good story, and we had to believe him, especially when he showed us a forty-pound salmon packed away in ice in the observation car.

Now, Mr. Kidder is a pretty good fisherman, but he says that the experience he had while fishing in Calcasieu River, New Brunswick is absolutely unique, and that as far as he knows he was successful in hooking what is probably a record salmon with a trout rod and fly.

"This fish is unquestionably the largest hook-bill, I have ever seen," said Mr. Kidder, "and the same

opinion was expressed by game wardens who viewed the fish in the live box. But the really great point was the terrific fight that this fish put up. This was so spectacular and so fast and furious, accompanied by rush after rush of 150 to 200 feet, that we had no time to take a picture of it.

"My canoe man and myself were busy every second of the time from twenty minutes past four until after dark. In fact up to the last few minutes of the fight I stood with one foot in the bow of the canoe constantly, when I was not in the canoe and chasing the fish back and forth across the stream.

"This fish was forty-five and three-fourths inches long measured in a straight line. If measured around the contour of the body it would probably show two or three inches longer than this. These measurements were

taken after he had been fighting the wire of the live box for five or six days, in which he undoubtedly lost a great deal of weight. Perhaps if he had been measured when first taken from the water he would have been at least two inches more.

"However, no matter how you look at it, he was big enough to suit me, and the fact that it was a 'hook-bill' and 'leaping fish' instead of a female or 'sucker' gave me that much more satisfaction. Then, too, it was taken with a No. 12 fly, which is very much smaller than is commonly used for six inch trout. The rod weighed only four and seven-eighths ounces, and the ordinary trout-leader, with a three pound breaking strength was not much heavier than is commonly used for a small trout fly."

## The Compliments of the Season To the People of the Crows' Nest Pass

— From —

## COLEMAN GARAGE, LIMITED

PASS DISTRIBUTORS FOR

McLaughlin-Buick, Pontiac and Ford Cars — Atwater Kent and Canadian  
General Electric Radios

## Our Greeting



CHRISTMAS is the season when heart calleth unto heart. "Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible?" said the poet.

It is one day at least when suspicion, hate and gloom find but little space for lodgment in human breasts; when people forget the things that worry and fix their minds upon the many things for which they may be thankful; when the spirit of cheer exists in sufficient bounty to reach us all.

Any unhappiness, any sense of the thorns of life, may be sunk in contemplation of the joy which the day brings to so large a portion of the children of our immediate world; for the day was born with a Child and has remained largely a festival of the young, its sanctified ideals strengthened by childish purity, recreating faith, hope and charity in their elders.

Then, let us make this Christmas purposeful; a season of regenerated feeling, of love, peace and good will. Let us hang the holly and the evergreen; let us promote the surge of joy. In this spirit, we wish you all

## A Merry Christmas

THE PUBLISHERS

(Copyright, 1924)



## CHRISTMAS



I hear along our street  
Pass the minstrel throng;  
Hark! they play so sweet  
On their hoarse, Christmas songs!  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

In December ring  
Every day the chimes;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,  
Where the Babe was born,  
Sang, with many a change,  
Christmas carols until morn.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!  
These good people sang  
Songs devout and sweet;  
While the fiddlers rang  
There they stood with freest feet.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in friar's cells  
At this holy tide,  
For want of something else,  
Christmas songs at times have tried.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!  
Washerwomen old,  
To the sound they beat,  
Sing by rivers cold,  
With uncovered head and feet.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands  
Stamps his feet and sings;  
But he who blows his hands  
Not so gay a carol brings.  
Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

## DON'T GIVE THE KIDS UGLY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

In every human breast was implanted, with breath itself, an inspiring love of things beautiful—the beauties of nature, of art, of letters.

But this glorious gift has too often been trampled out of sight—beyond recovery—early in life by a pernicious knowledge of things ugly, things abnormal, things unbecomingly. This knowledge may have its beginning in babyhood days when un-rent toys and hideously ugly dolls teach lessons never forgotten during a whole lifetime.

When you give a child ugly dolls such as Golliwogs and Punches, crooked men and women, you are robbing the child of his opportunity to see the beautiful in all humanity. You wouldn't give the baby a three-legged horse on Christmas morn, would you?

You don't want the little one to get the idea that elephants (pronounced e-fants) are without trunks? There is no good reason for teaching baby that robin redbreast has a fierce expression—and is, perhaps, an ugly bird of prey.

So if you give picture books, are the pictures in the books are of robin redbreast as he truly is. Comic dolls may be all well enough. But grotesque dolls distort young minds.

It's a boy, let's have a boy doll that looks like a good boy, a clean boy, a generous boy. Let's give the kiddies a FAIR START.

Some of the little people will soon through become pessimists or grouches without your helping the bad work along by presenting them with atrocious, impossible, repulsive, ugly replicas of human beings in the shape of doll babies.

Their Need.  
"I suppose you are going to make some addresses this summer."  
"Yes," replied the statesman. "I'm going to tell my constituents exactly what they need."  
"And what do they need?"  
"Me."

Author: "Now, I want your honest opinion. Tell me what faults you see in my book."  
Friend: "Well, for one thing, I think the covers are too far apart."  
"Her letter rejects me finally and for ever."  
"Sure it's final! Nothing between the lines!"  
"There's only one line."  
Nothing will cause another to lose confidence in you more readily than a broken promise. A promise should be a sacred duty just as a debt must be paid.

## THE BOY'S CHANT

By George A. Forden

Geel! Th' Christmas dinner  
Is a winner!  
With th' turkey getting thinner  
Till there's just th' bones an' neck  
Like a wreck  
Standin' lone on th' platter.  
An' you feel yourself get fatter  
When they pass th' sweet potatoes,  
An' th' stewed corn an' tomatoes,  
An' th' clove-stuck-in-it ham,  
An' th' jam,  
An' th' celery an' pickles,  
An' th' cider with th' tickles  
When you swallow.  
Wait! you'll hollow  
Clean completely to your feet  
So's at you could eat an' eat!  
My! Th' dandy Christmas dinner  
Is th' best, or I'm a sinner!  
Say, there ain't a better tune  
Than th' tinkle of your spoon  
Or your knife an' fork a-clinkin'  
On your plate! That's what I'm  
thinkin'!

An' th' pumpkin pie, an' puddin'—  
Wh' a fellow would be wooden  
If he didn't eat it all  
An' then call  
For another piece o' cake,  
Who's afraid o' stomach-ache?  
Christmas comes but once a year;  
Mustn't spoil it while it's here!  
When we've at th' table bare,  
An' th' folks say: "Bless his heart—  
He has done a grown man's part!"  
Wait! they'd bless my stomach, too,  
That'd help when we get through,  
'Cause my heart can get along  
An' keep beatin' good an' strong;  
But my stomach! Oh, gee whizz!  
Guess that's where my conscience is!  
Hope there's some left for to-night  
When I'll have more appetites  
All right!

Huh! My Uncle John, w'y, he  
Ses I lack courage  
Is a winner!  
Geel! Th' Christmas dinner

## GUESTS AT YULE

By George A. Forden

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Is a winner!  
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Till there's just th' bones an' neck  
Like a wreck  
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When I'll have more appetites  
All right!

Huh! My Uncle John, w'y, he  
Ses I lack courage  
Is a winner!  
Geel! Th' Christmas dinner

Geel! Th' Christmas dinner  
Is a winner!  
With th' turkey getting thinner  
Till there's just th' bones an' neck  
Like a wreck  
Standin' lone on th' platter.  
An' you feel yourself get fatter  
When they pass th' sweet potatoes,  
An' th' stewed corn an' tomatoes,  
An' th' clove-stuck-in-it ham,  
An' th' jam,  
An' th' celery an' pickles,  
An' th' cider with th' tickles  
When you swallow.  
Wait! you'll hollow  
Clean completely to your feet  
So's at you could eat an' eat!  
My! Th' dandy Christmas dinner  
Is th' best, or I'm a sinner!  
Say, there ain't a better tune  
Than th' tinkle of your spoon  
Or your knife an' fork a-clinkin'  
On your plate! That's what I'm  
thinkin'!

An' th' pumpkin pie, an' puddin'—  
Wh' a fellow would be wooden  
If he didn't eat it all  
An' then call  
For another piece o' cake,  
Who's afraid o' stomach-ache?  
Christmas comes but once a year;  
Mustn't spoil it while it's here!  
When we've at th' table bare,  
An' th' folks say: "Bless his heart—  
He has done a grown man's part!"  
Wait! they'd bless my stomach, too,  
That'd help when we get through,  
'Cause my heart can get along  
An' keep beatin' good an' strong;  
But my stomach! Oh, gee whizz!  
Guess that's where my conscience is!  
Hope there's some left for to-night  
When I'll have more appetites  
All right!



## The Longest Night

By GEORGE A. FORDEN

We're grown up now; we're getting old; we dress ourselves alone;  
Our cribs are put away and we've a bedroom all our own.  
It's next to Mother's room, of course, and she don't shut the door,  
But if she should, we wouldn't care—a great deal—any more.  
We've left off curls for months and months; we just *fade* baby plays,  
And Mother says she's afraid that soon we'll lose our cunning ways;  
But though we are so old and big, and though we always get  
A lot of Christmas presents, still the thing that makes us fret  
Is that although  
We've listened so  
And watched and watched for Santa Claus, who brings 'em—do you know,  
We've never seen him yet!

On Christmas eve, when we're in bed, 'way off alone upstairs,  
And said "good night" and kissed us, and he heard us say our prayers  
That makes the bureau and the chairs look knobby lumps of dark,  
And great big shadows hile behind the open closet door,  
And through the window-panes the moon makes patchwork on the floor,  
And everything so queer and dim and strange without the light—  
Then 'twould be fun to snuggle down and shut our eyes up tight  
So's not to see;  
But, no sirree!  
Old Santa's coming, and we've crooked our hearts and vowed to be  
Wide, wide awake all night.

It's oh, so still! We try to talk, but always when we do  
It sounds so loud and plain we're glad when every whisper's through.  
Is on the shelf of Mother's room the clock that moves so quick  
When daylight's here, now takes a week for every single tick.  
The wind outside comes whimp'ring round and whining at the eaves,  
And moaning at the shivering trees, all old without their leaves.  
We're certain sure we're laid awake, already, 'most a year.  
We're 'fraid that Santa's skipped our house and isn't coming here  
—That is, the ghost  
Of Mother's room,  
That old clock whirs and starts to strike; we count, boom boom boom boom!  
What's that? Oh, dear!

There never, never was a night before so half so long!  
It's stiller 'n' ever now; the wind has hushed its crying song  
And just hums soft and sleepy, and the bed feels warm and snug;  
The moon's put out its lamp and there's no patchwork on the rug.  
Our eyes feel sort of sticky, and we wink and wink and wink,  
And we don't care to whisper now we'd rather lie and think  
About old Santa, how he comes around through snow and wet,  
And 'bout his reindeer team, and 'bout the things we're going to get—  
And why, well, say!  
It's Christmas Eve!  
We fall asleep in spite of all; he's come and gone away,  
And we've not seen him yet!

## SANTA IN HEAVEN

BY FRANCES GILBREATH INGERSOLL

Could I but turn backward  
Old time in his flight,  
And be as a child again,  
just for one night,  
With faith—as a child's in its  
christmassy lore—  
That the longness I craved  
would be mine as before:

I would wish I might empty  
the stooking of life,  
Of all of its bitterness, envy,  
and strife;  
Heart-hunger and longing  
and sorrow and ruth,  
And dreams unfulfilled of  
that faraway youth.

I would ask for the peace  
and the joy that were  
lost,  
The friendships  
and the dear  
unwisdoms  
The freedom  
to grasp a  
god-given birth-  
right,  
And to respond to its might

The music and pleasure, the sunshine  
and the glow;  
The beauty of living, the clear sight  
of life;  
The chances of life, to few only  
given;  
To walk "bravely shodden" the path-  
way to heaven.  
When embers burn low on the hearth-  
stone, o' fate,  
And the whitening 'fair speaks the  
flat "tis late,"  
I'll pray — "Of thy 'children' the  
poorest I be,  
Dear Santa in heaven, forget not them  
me."

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS  
We will cut down expenses but not  
invite Hard Times to teach us the  
lessons of Economy. Besides, Hard-  
Times doesn't tarry when folks are  
too busy to entertain him.

No more chasing of rainbows, and  
There isn't gold enough at the end to trust.  
furnish a fellow with the credential  
for getting into a slim poker game.  
We shall decide that while we're  
living in this old world we don't get  
When the cow kicks the milk pail  
anywhere by winking at the stars and  
over in the New Year, we shan't get  
telling them they're suit-a-better.

## BETHLEHEM TOWN



## Zigzag Field

As I was going to Bethlehem-town,  
Upon the earth I cast me down  
All underneath a little tree  
That whispered in this wise to me:  
"Oh, I shall stand on Calvary  
And bear what burthen saveth thee!"

As up I faced to Bethlehem-town,  
I met a shepherd coming down,  
And thus he quoth: "A wondrous sight  
Hath spread before mine eyes this  
night—  
An angel host most fair to see,  
That sing full sweetly of a tree  
That shall uplift on Calvary  
What burthen saveth you and me!"

And as I got to Bethlehem-town,  
Lo! wise men came that bore a crown  
"Is that?" cried I, "in Bethlehem  
A King shall wear this diadem?"  
"Good sooth," they quoth, "and 'tis He  
That shall be lifted on the tree  
And freely shed on Calvary  
What blood redeemeth us and thee!"

Unto a Child in Bethlehem-town  
The wise men came and brought the  
crown,  
And while the infant smiling slept,  
Upon their knees they fell and wept;  
But, with her babe upon her knee,  
Naught recked that Mother of the tree,  
That should uplift on Calvary  
What burthen saveth all and me.

Again I walk in Bethlehem-town  
And think on Him that wears the  
crown,  
I may not kiss His feet again,  
Nor worship Him as I did then;  
My King hath died upon the tree,  
And bath outpoured on Calvary  
What blood redeemeth you and me!

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What blood redeemeth you and me!



Thanking you for your past patronage  
and wishing you  
THE SEASON'S BEST GREETINGS

G. K. SIRETT

The Pass Painter, Paperhanger, Decorator

BELLEVUE

ALBERTA

Wishing All

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
PROSPERITY FOR THE NEW YEAR

BELLEVUE INN

J. Giola, Prop.

STEAM HEATED

FULLY MODERN

DINING ROOM

BATHS

PHONE 188D

Bellevue : : : : Alberta

### MERRY CHRISTMAS

Here  
you see  
our Christ-  
mas tree, one  
of the best  
type, too, and  
while dear air, 'tis  
not a fir, yet it was  
made "fir" you, 'Tis  
true you see upon this  
tree no presents rich and  
rare; yet please be kind and  
bear in mind, in wish the gifts  
are there. We wish you all, the  
short and tall, young, middle-aged  
and grey, the poor, the  
rich,  
white,  
black,  
pitch  
A MERRY CHRISTMAS DAY

THE BLAIRMORE PHARMACY

Phone 110

Gordon Steeves, Prop.

Phone 110

### THIRD ANNUAL ELKS' KIDDIES CHRISTMAS TREE

The third annual Kiddies Christmas Tree of the local Elks' Lodge will be held in the opera house on Wednesday, December 22nd, commencing at 7 p.m.

Santa Claus will be there with hundreds of toys, bags of candy, etc., and will be assisted by a large committee of the members in distributing the parcels to the six hundred kiddies, who are eagerly looking forward to this annual effort on the part of their Big Brother "Bills" in scattering Christmas Cheer.

Through the courtesy of the local teaching staff, who are devoting their time drilling the children of their various grades, a programme will precede the distribution of parcels. The programme will be as follows:

1. Holy Night, song and tableaux, Grade VII, Miss Fitzgerald.
2. Folk Dance, Grade VI, Miss Cox.
3. Trials of Christmas Shopping, dialogue, Grade VI, Miss Cox.
4. Christmas Secrets, dialogue of 20 to 25 minutes, Grade V, Miss Hyson.
5. Bell Drill, Grade IV, Miss McVey.
6. Interrupted Dialogue, Grade III, Miss Pozzi.
7. The Baby Show, Grade III, Miss Pozzi.
8. Recitation in Concert, Grade I, Mrs. Kettley and Miss Hall.
9. Charleston Dance, by Evaline Semerzhn of Grade I, Miss Hall.
10. The Dolls' Hospital, Grades II, and III, Miss MacDonald.

#### Who Indeed?

Stranger, entering post office: "Any mail for Mike Howe?"  
The postmaster was busy and made no reply.

"Any mail for Mike Howe?" repeated the stranger.

"No, of course not. Who do you suppose would send mail to your cow?"

To the People of the Crows' Nest Pass

and District we Extend the most Cordial

## Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for a Prosperous New Year



### West Canadian Collieries, Limited

Blairmore - Greenhill - Bellevue

#### CHRISTMAS SONG

Above: 'Tis weary, waiting world  
As 'sep in chill despair,  
There - a sound of joyous bells  
Upon the frostiest air,  
And o'er the humblest rooftops, lo,  
A star is dancing in the snow.

What makes the yellow star to dance  
Upon the brink of night?  
What makes the breaking dawn to  
Glow so magically bright?  
And all the earth to be renewed  
With infinite beatitude?

The shining bells, the throbbing star,  
The sunbeams on the snow,  
And the awakening heart that leaps  
New ecstasy to know -  
They all are dancing in the morn  
Because a little child is born.  
-Blue Caravan.

#### WORLD'S GREATEST NEED

A little more kindness and a little  
less greed;  
A little more giving and a little less  
greed;  
A little more smile and a little less  
frown;  
A little less kicking a man when he's  
down;  
A little more "we" and a little less  
"I";  
A little more laughs and a little less  
cry;  
A little more flowers on the pathway  
of life;  
And fewer on graves at the end of  
the strife.-Es.

Fred E. Osborne was elected mayor  
of Calgary on Wednesday, defeating  
Mr. Davison.

A Merry Christmas  
and may the  
New Year bring  
you happiness

W. L. EVANS

The Furniture Man  
BLAIRMORE and COLEMAN  
Alberta

PHOTOS SOLVE THE  
CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

Wishing you  
the Compliments of  
the Season.

GUSHUL STUDIOS  
BLAIRMORE COLEMAN  
Phone 285 Phone 241-a

### FOR SALE

600 Acres, North of Road on Lee Flats, including all crop land, Milch Cows, 3 Shetland Ponies (well broken), Work Horses.

For Prices, etc., apply to

J. L. PARKER

Phone: 615, Cowley Exchange Les 'Lake Ranch' Burns, Alta.

Midnight Mass will be celebrated as usual at St. Anne's church on the night of Christmas Eve, Friday next. Special music will be rendered by the choir.

At Saskatoon, Jack Connelly, formerly of the Blairmore senior amateurs, secured five goals and an assist for the Moose Jaw Maroons against Saskatoon in a seven to four victory.

TO the Citizens of the Crows' Nest  
Pass and District we take pleasure  
in extending hearty Holiday Greetings.



Merry Christmas  
and  
Happy New Year



Crows Nest Pass Coal Co.

FERNIE,

BRITISH COLUMBIA

### The March of the Years

BRINGS CHRISTMAS ONCE  
AGAIN AND WITH IT THE  
OPPORTUNITY OF EXTENDING  
TO YOU THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

A Very Happy Xmas  
and a  
Bright and Prosperous  
1927

P. BURNS & CO., LIMITED



Wishing You the  
COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

K. G. CRAIG, LL.B.  
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

— Phone 167 —  
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

To our Many Friends and Patrons  
WE WISH A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

### Cosmopolitan Hotel

Sample Rooms — 46 Rooms, Hot and Cold Water — Steam Heat  
Phone 183 Rooms Private Bath En Suite Phone 183  
First-Class Dining Room in Connection — All White Help  
J. S. Stevenson — — — — — Proprietor

Thanking our Many Pass Friends for their  
Patronage and Wishing them  
A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS  
and  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

JOHN A. KERR  
High-Class Men's Furnishings

Blairmore Alberta

### REEVE SAYS THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

Craig Kennedy is home again! He walked into my laboratory. "Well," I saluted him. "What's the luck, old sleuth? Did you find him? What have you got to report?" "Reeve!" he said; "I've made the greatest capture of my life. I've run down every clue for the last two thousand years. I've searched every land on the globe.

"You're right, Reeve! There is a Santa Claus!"

"Good!" I exclaimed. "Tell me about it. Where did you find the old fellow?"

"Everywhere, Reeve—everywhere on the face of the earth.

"Everywhere I went I found him!

"He lives in the hearts of men—in the heart of humanity. In the heart of every father and mother—in the heart of every child.

"It doesn't make any difference to him what a man's religion or race may be. He doesn't care whether a man is rich or poor. He is his best friend and his eternal companion.

"Why, Reeve, I even found him in every prison in the land. I found him in the dens of crooks. I found him sitting in church pews. I found him in the hospitals—in the gambling houses—everywhere.

"He's a Grand Old Fellow, Reeve! He's generosity and kindness personified."—Arthur B. Reeve, in Success Magazine.

A. U. G. Bury has been elected mayor of Edmonton.

#### The Lord's Work

The two padres, good friends, one Catholic and the other Protestant, had worked in the same area for a long time but their units were about to be separated and they met to say good bye.

"Well," said one, "we've both been doing the Lord's work."

The other extended his hand, "Yes," he remarked in parting, "We have both been doing the Lord's work—you in your way and I in His."

## For 35 Years CALGARY

"THE BEER WITH A REPUTATION"  
HAS JOINED IN THE

## Christmas Festivities OF Western Canadians

WE RAISE OUR GLASS  
AND AGAIN WISH YOU  
THE OLD, OLD WISH

## A Merry Christmas

May the Citizens of Blairmore and the Crows' Nest Pass  
have all their Troubles Behind Them, and the Future  
be as Bright and Happy as their Hearts May Desire

This advertisement not inserted by the Alberta Liquor Control Board or the Government of the Province of Alberta.

We wish you a Merry Christmas  
Right heartily;  
Lots of friends to give you  
greeting;  
A day filled with blessings.

Hillcrest Collieries, Limited

HILLCREST, ALBERTA

### THE FOOLS WHO RACE A TRAIN

Listen to me; just a moment, please,  
You folks who drive a car;  
Who think my life is one of ease,  
And moves without a jar.

I pull a train I'd have you know,  
A thousand tons of steel;  
Swift as an arrow from the bow,  
Along my path I wheel.

Do you give me a single thought?  
Do you think I have no fear?  
Don't you realize my nerves grow  
taut,

When a speeding car draws near?  
Time after time I have held my  
breath,

My heart most stopped with fear;  
As I've seen a driver flirt with death,  
With those he holds so dear.

I've seen despair upon the face  
I've heard the moans of pain;  
Of those, who ran a losing race,  
With my swiftly speeding train.

I've felt my engine leave the rail,  
As she struck a passing car;  
I've lain for weeks upon my back,  
I've glimpsed the gates ajar.

And as I've left the shades of death,  
In anguish and in pain;  
I breathed a prayer beneath my  
breath

For the fools that race a train.

Please use the brain, the eye and ear,  
The sense the good God gave;  
And save yourself, and the engineer,  
From grief or an early grave.

By Engineer H. C. Boles and  
Fireman W. J. Blakely, Ont.

A Little Scotch Doesn't Hurt Anyone  
Sandy McMillan was playing golf  
with his brother-in-law. Soon after  
the game commenced he found out  
that the day was his brother-in-  
law's birthday anniversary, so he  
gave him the next hole.

Sandy, a short time later, was  
walking along the street in Detroit  
with a pair of trousers hanging over  
his arm. Someone asked him who  
he was looking for. He replied:  
"The Detroit Free Press."

We Wish all Citizens of the Crows' Nest Pass

A MERRY CHRISTMAS  
and a  
HAPPY NEW YEAR

## CROWS' NEST PASS MOTORS

Full Line of Radios and Equipment  
DEALERS IN CHEVROLET AND STUDEBAKER CARS  
Best Repair Service in The Pass  
BLAIRMORE Phone 105 ALBERTA

## P. GHARDON GAFE

### CHRISTMAS DINNER MENU

Potages  
Creamed Oyster  
Consomme a la Royal  
POISSONS  
Fried Smoked Trout (Citronne)  
ENTRIES  
Asparagus Tips on Toast Combination Salad  
Boiled New York Super-Cured Ham with Champagne Sauce  
ROTI  
Braised Chicken, Sauce Aux Champignons  
Sirloin of Beef, Yorkshire Dumpling  
Leg of Pork, Snow Apple Sauce Leg of Venal, and Jelly  
Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce  
ENTREMETS  
Boiled or Mashed Potato Choux Fleurs a la Creme  
DESSERT  
Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce  
Christmas Cake Hot Mince Pie  
Fresh Raspberries Deep Apple Pie, with Whipped Cream  
Fruits and Nuts

We Wish You All a Very Merry Christmas





## Opportunity

Master of human destinies am I.  
 Fame, love and fortune on my foot-  
 steps wait.  
 Cities and fields I walk, I penetrate  
 Deserts and seas remote—and pass-  
 ing by  
 Hovel and mart and palace, soon or  
 late,  
 I knock unbidden once at every  
 gate—  
 If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise,  
 Before I turn away. It is the hour  
 of fate,  
 And they who follow me reach every  
 state  
 Mortals desire, and conquer every  
 foe  
 Save death; but those who doubt or  
 hesitate  
 'Condemned to failure, penury and  
 woe,  
 Seek me in vain, and uselessly im-  
 plore;  
 I answer not, and I return no more.  
 —John J. Ingalls.

## Where It Was

Lawyer: "Now, let's get the loca-  
 tion of this accident. As I under-  
 stand it you were hit at the inter-  
 section.

Florian: "Yessuh; at de intersec-  
 tion of mah coat tails and mah trou-  
 sers."

Wishing you the Best  
 of Everything  
 this Festive Season

**JOE MISSON**

PHONE 308

Blairmore — Alberta

We Thank our  
 Customers for their  
 Patronage  
 and wish them  
 The Season's Greetings

**The Blairmore Barbers**

Alf. Link — Hartley Upham

Extending to All  
 the  
 Season's Greetings

**J. R. GRESHAM**

AGENT

Blairmore — Alberta

Extending the  
 Season's Greetings  
 to all

**W. A. BEEBE**

Real Estate and Insurance

Blairmore — Alberta

We extend to our many  
 Customers and Friends  
 in The Pass our Best  
 Wishes for a

**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

and a

**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**Western Canada**

**Wholesale Co., Limited**

PERNIE, B.C.

## Thoughts for Christmas

No Christmas is rightly celebrated which has in  
 it a sting of neglect.

No Christmas giving, however lavish, is truly  
 generous unless it includes some from whom there can  
 be no return of gifts.

No Christmas joy is complete unless it is enriched  
 by a glow of sympathy with the "Joy to the world,"  
 promised in Jesus' birth.

If the Star of Bethlehem is in any sense a "vari-  
 able," it must be in respect of growing magnitude  
 (brightness) as the centuries grow.

The advent of the Babe of Bethlehem is at the  
 foundation of Christmastide, hence the season is for  
 ever sanctified to childhood and its innocent pleasures.  
 The oldest and wisest do well to inherit the children's  
 blessing.

From that day to this a new glory has shone on  
 all common scenes, a new dignity has been understood  
 in all common tasks, a new joy has filled the common  
 heart that has been opened to the Prince of Peace, the  
 Savior of the world. —W. L. Watkinson.

The true keeping of Christmas is the realization  
 of the great love that brought us salvation and left us  
 the example of a divine life; that we should repeat it,  
 with God's help, in our relations to God and to our  
 fellowmen. —Cunningham Geikie.



## When Mary the Mother Kissed the Child

WHEN Mary the Mother kissed the Child,  
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,  
And the strange star swung from the courts of air,  
To serve at a manger with kings at prayer,  
Then did the day of the simple kin  
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot her pain,  
In the stable of rock began love's reign,  
When that new light on their grave eyes broke  
The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke;  
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold  
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast  
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest guest  
The God born out of the woman's side—  
The Babe of Heaven by earth denied—  
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan  
And the long-supplanted came to their own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands  
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,  
And naught to her were the kneeling kings,  
The serving star and the unseen wings,  
Then was the little of earth made great  
And the man came back to God's estate.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

## AT CHRYSTEMESSE TYDE

(Old English)

Two sorrie Thynges there be—Ay, three:  
A Neste from which ye fledgelings have been taken,  
A Lambe forsaken,  
A Petal from ye Wilde Rose rudelle shaken—  
These are the three.

Of gladdis Thynges there may be more—Ay, four:  
A Larke above ye old Neste blithely singing,  
A Wilde Rose clinching  
In safetie to ye Rock, a Shepherd bringing  
A Lambe, found, in his arms, and  
Chrystemesse Bells a-ringing.

Wishing our Many Patrons  
A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year  
and assuring them  
of the Same Efficient Service for 1926

J. E. UPTON

Tailor to the People of the Crown's Nest Pass  
BLAIRMORE ALBERTA

## MERRY CHRISTMAS

and a

PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO ALL  
is the wish of

Blairmore Vulcanizing & Battery Station  
W. M. BUSH, PROP.

BLAIRMORE Phone 267 ALBERTA

## HOW TWO EVANGELISTS BEGAN

Billy Sunday, the great American evangelist, was a baseball player for several years. He was not one of the great outfielders, and was not very good at the bat, but he was swift on the bases. It was when he was in baseball, while sitting on a street curb listening to some Christian street singers, that God spoke conviction to his soul. He followed the singers to the mission, gave himself to God, kept playing ball, joined the Y.M.C.A., where he would speak occasionally, and, finally, went out for a week of evangelist services, and began his noteworthy career.

Some twenty years ago, at a country railroad station 90 miles out of Toronto, where his father was telegraph operator, young 16-year-old Oswald Smith listened to the newspaper reports read by the men lounging around the station, of the wonderful evangelistic meetings being held in Toronto by Messrs. Torrey and Alexander. He and his younger brother were seized with an impulse to hear for themselves. To the Queen City they went and experienced personal conversion; then went back to the country community, without church, minister or active Christian worker. The lad Oswald sought an opportunity to serve Christ, determined in his heart to preach the Gospel and when alone in the woods delivered sermons to the birds and the trees. The boy became a home missionary among lumbermen, one of Toronto's powerful preachers, a ready writer of Christian songs and pamphlets, and now is at the head of the Christian Alliance movement in Canada.

## A ONE-MAN COLLIERY

There is one Yorkshire colliery that the stoppage has not affected. It is situated in a garden in Denby Dale, and not a single man either in the mine or on the surface has struck work, lessened his output or grumbled at his wages.

This is because the owner, hewer and surfaceman are all one and the same person. He goes down and hews the coal, fills the wagon and then walks up to the winding gear and hauls it up the steep incline. Upon his three daily loads local industry is dependent, and up to the present he has not failed them.

## The Christmas Tree

By E. C.

LAST night we'd a joyous gath'ring  
Of children, fair and sweet—  
Our little next-door neighbors,  
And others along the street.  
They danced, they romped so gaily,  
And each drew a little prize;  
But I handled the treasures sadly,  
For the tears were in my eyes.  
As I glanced across at "Daddy"  
And "Daddy" look'd back at me,  
Our hearts were full of the baby,  
Tho' we smile round the Christmas Tree!

Last year, the self-same children  
Play'd merrily round the Tree,  
And tender'd their gifts to baby,  
Who clasp'd her hands in glee!  
I remember this as I answer  
Each little voice tonight,  
And think of the sweet link broken  
And gone from the circle bright—  
As I glance'd across at "Daddy"  
And "Daddy" look'd back at me,  
Our thoughts are full of the baby,  
Tho' we smile round the Christmas Tree!

"She's gone to the better land, dear,"  
They tell me. But how I miss  
The clasp of those tiny fingers,  
The tender, tender kiss.  
And the little baby slippers,  
The trinkets here and there;  
The dainty cot in the corner—  
The "Pram" and the empty chair!  
As I glance'd across at "Daddy"  
And "Daddy" look'd back at me,  
Our thoughts are full of the baby,  
Tho' we smile round the Christmas Tree!

And yet we have other children,  
For whom we must smile and live;  
But there's something gone with the baby  
That angels alone can give.  
And we feel that they breath'd upon her—  
That gem of the household band,  
And bore her beyond the portals  
That border the spirit land;  
These thoughts do I tell to the children,  
And wond'ring, they ask of me,  
"Does baby see us, mother,  
As we play round the Christmas Tree?"

Thanking our Many Patrons for Past Favors  
and wishing all a  
Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

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WE EXTEND THE SEASON'S GREETINGS  
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## Special for Christmas Day

SAMUEL GOLDWYN Presents the

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## "STELLA DALLAS"

GREATER THAN "OVER THE HILL"

Free Matinee for Children in the Afternoon

Friday & Saturday, December 31st & January 1st and Matinee New Year's Day

## CHARLIE CHAPLIN

IN

## "THE GOLD RUSH"

We Wish all our Patrons a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

T. PTACEK

PROPRIETOR

